

Sixth Thousand.

THE
Catholic Pages
—OF—
American History:

A LECTURE
BY
HON. J. L. MACDONALD.

“ * * * I hope ever to see America the foremost nation in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution, and the establishment of their government; or the important assistance they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed.”—GEN. WASHINGTON, replying to the congratulatory address of the Catholics of the United States.



THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
OF AMERICA.

Pamphlet No. 8.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.



THE CATHOLIC PAGES OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

A LECTURE BY HON. J. L. MACDONALD.

Delivered in Cretin Hall, St. Paul, Minn., February 18, 1891, under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

There is no country on the face of the earth whose citizens, as a body, are so free from religious prejudice and sectarian bias, as the United States. Our people, with but few exceptions—as becomes the citizens of a great republic—have learned to respect each others opinions; and, recognizing the fact that man is accountable to God alone for his religious belief, they have agreed to disagree, where they differ, and to insist that no one shall be disturbed in the enjoyment of the inestimable right of freedom of conscience.

The friends and admirers of human freedom, in other lands, regard the United States—and rightly, so—as a grand temple of liberty, in which they all would fain reside. It so appears to them, because here, more than under any other government upon the globe, our people enjoy “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,” and because here the oppressed of all nations have found a refuge from tyranny, oppression and wrong.

The arch which would represent the entrance to this temple of liberty is our constitution, and its keystone is that provision which secures to all living under its protecting ægis, religious as well as civil freedom; the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. In the language of the author

of the declaration of independence, this constitution "has banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered!"

But there are exceptions to every rule, and this rule is not without them. Now and then there arises a bigoted Cassandra who attempts to disturb the spirit of harmony and good will that exists among our citizens, by frantic appeals to religious prejudice, and by doleful forebodings of dangers which have been foretold for almost a century, but have not yet materialized. In the recent past, this portion of our country had an exhibition of these "alarming" prognostications, and the periodical and oft-refuted effort was made to array the Catholic Church as the enemy of republican institutions. But the attack met the fate of its predecessors, and is now scarcely remembered. The Catholic Truth Society has, however, concluded that it is due to the members of the Catholic Church, and the American people, that the truth of our history, as to the Catholic portion thereof, be made more generally known. They have concluded that the most crushing rebuke that can be administered to these maligners of the Catholic Church and its members, is to place before our citizens the Catholic pages of American history, and I have been requested to perform that duty.

I would have much preferred that the task had been assigned to other and abler hands; but, believing it to be the duty of us all to aid and assist this Society in its laudable efforts when we can do so, I have concluded to comply with that request, to the best of my ability.

It will be hardly necessary for me to remark that a lecture on this subject can be but little more than a brief statement of historical facts.

It is not my intention to claim or seek to establish, in the mind of my fellow Catholics, that the great body of which we are members, is entitled to the credit of possessing a historical record superior to that of any of our non-Catholic brethren. I do not intend to even institute a comparison. I shall simply state facts and

let them speak for themselves. If any one expects to hear me this evening indulge in the denunciation of those who differ with us in matters of religion, he will be disappointed. Any institution that cannot maintain itself except by assailing those who differ with it, does not deserve to live.

The Catholic Church has not been compelled to rely on the denunciation of others for existence; and the assaults of her enemies, for ages past, have failed to make an impression upon her. Upon this point the distinguished Protestant writer, Lord Macaulay, in 1840, said:

The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the time when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon, in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin, in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains not in decay, not a mere antique; but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth, to the farthest ends of the world, missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and is still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Atilla. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the new world have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn—countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her community are certainly no fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments, that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

The history of the fifty eventful years that have transpired since Lord Macaulay wrote those lines, have certainly furnished evidence of the wisdom and foresight he exhibited, in his prophetic statements.

My purpose accordingly to-night is simply to show, by a candid and truthful reference to American history, that the Catholic portion thereof is a record of many of the most important events contained therein, and reflects fully as much credit upon Catholics as is reflected by any other portion upon any other denomination. In fact so interwoven in the history of this country, are the deeds of distinguished and devoted Catholics, that were we to prune it of the record of those deeds, its brightest pages would be obliterated, and many of its noblest and proudest recitals of self-sacrificing heroism and patriotic virtue would be lost.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

I would ask you to go back with me, in imagination, to the fifteenth century, and into the city of Genoa. We enter a certain house, and looking into a room therein, we discover a man whose dress and bronzed and weather-beaten countenance indicate him to be a sea-faring man. He is kneeling—perchance before a crucifix—around him are lying maps, charts and nautical instruments peculiar to his occupation. In that attitude he is appealing to his Creator to smile upon his efforts, and grant him success in carrying out an undertaking, the magnitude of which, when first suggested, startled some, and created ridicule in others, as an insane idea—the discovery of a Western Hemisphere, or as some called it, a “new world.”

That man is Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, whose character and subsequent career fully justify me in introducing him as I have done. Calm, persevering and patient, under the most trying difficulties; dignified in his deportment, at all times master of himself, he commanded the respect and elicited the esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

The difficulties which he met and overcome, in carrying out his undertaking, and in accomplishing an

object so grand in conception and stupendous in result, shows him to have been well qualified, by nature and education, for an enterprise so arduous. He first applies to the government of his native town, Genoa—anxious that it should share and participate in the honor that might arise from so grand an enterprise—but, to his great mortification, they treated his theory as a visionary scheme. He next applies for aid to King John II, of Portugal, and is again refused. He then sends his brother Bartholomew to England, to solicit the patronage of Henry VII, but Bartholomew having been captured by pirates, failed to reach England for several years.

Disappointed in his applications to other courts—but not disheartened—Columbus in 1486 applied to that of Spain. Here he was fortunate in having a powerful friend and mediator in Father Juan Perez, guardian of the monastery of La Rabida, the queen's confessor, and an ecclesiastic of great influence and ability. Through the representations and mediation of this distinguished divine, a favorable hearing was granted to the propositions of Columbus. Still circumstances conspired against him, even here, in the accomplishment of his object. Spain had just emerged from a long war with the Moors, who had been expelled from Grenada, and the state of her finances was so low as to render it impossible for him to receive assistance from the public treasury, and Ferdinand was compelled to acknowledge his inability to assist him in his enterprise.

But through the influence of Father Perez, who spoke to the queen of the glory which would result from the achievement and success of the enterprise, and which would forever attach to her reign; and of the extension of the Catholic religion over the countries to be discovered, this noble queen—appropriately styled “Isabella the Catholic”—pledged her crown jewels, and thereby raised the means necessary to complete the preparations for the voyage.

Thus after six years of patient solicitation, and after surmounting difficulties, under which any other than Columbus would have succumbed in despair, the discoverer of this continent was enabled, by the munifi-

cent aid and liberality of "Isabella the Catholic"—effected through the mediation of a Catholic priest—to carry out his projected enterprise, and open up to the "old world" this vast and glorious land of ours.

A squadron was fitted out, consisting of three vessels of inconsiderable size, and when ready for sailing. Columbus—ever mindful of his duty as a Catholic—proceeded with his crew in solemn procession to the monastery of La Rabida, and there at the hands of their friend, Father Perez, partook of the sacraments, and committed themselves to the protection of Heaven. They then took leave of their friends, whom they left full of gloomy apprehensions, with respect to their perilous undertaking.

On the morning of the third of August 1492, Columbus set sail from the harbor of Palos, in the Santa Maria, the largest vessel of his squadron, followed by the Pinta and Nina. I will pass over the account given of his perilous voyage; that long and doubtful period—his accidents—the discontent and almost mutiny of his crew, who failed to possess the perseverance to continue on across the trackless ocean, but for the indomitable energy of their commander—until the morning of the twelfth of October, 1492, when we find him and his crew first looking upon the island of San Salvador, the first portion of the American continent which he had discovered.

Their first act is to offer up thanks to God, and, under the leadership of the crew of the Pinta, to sing hymns of praise and thanksgiving, in tears of joy and congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven is immediately followed by an act of retribution to their commander, by that portion of the men who, but a few days before, required all the self-possession and address of the admiral to preserve his ascendancy and insure the completion of the voyage; they threw themselves at his feet, and, with the humblest acknowledgments of their rashness and disobedience, besought forgiveness.

The boats were lowered and rowed to shore, and Columbus, as the representative of Spain, is the first to

step upon the long wished for land, followed by those who accompanied him. They bear aloft the banner of the cross and, erecting it upon the shore, prostrate themselves before it and again return thanks to God.

The world is therefore indebted to the Christian zeal of a Catholic nation, and its noble queen and her spiritual adviser; but more than all to that great man and heroic Catholic—Columbus himself—for the accomplishment of this great undertaking, and the opening up to commerce, civilization and Christianity, of the fairest portion of the earth.

The cross, the emblem of man's salvation, and symbol of Catholic faith, is planted upon the shores of the new world. I will now pass to a review of later events connected with our history.

The next important event in the history of our country, which I shall take up and consider, is the establishment of

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Notwithstanding Columbus discovered the "new world" for Spain, she secured but a small portion of the Southern part of what is now known as the United States. France settled Acadia and Canada, and England succeeded in colonizing the greater portion of the United States, or what is generally known as the original colonies:

With the settlers from the "old world" came its prejudice and bigotry. The home government insisted upon maintaining absolute sway and authority over its subjects, and "civil liberty"—so-called—was refused the colonies until the seventeenth century. Prior to that time the colonies were but mere settlements, subject to the control of such irresponsible rulers or governors, as chance, coupled with the caprice of their sovereign, placed over them.

The first colonial assembly ever convened in America, assembled at Jamestown, Virginia, on the nineteenth of June, 1619, and American historians style that day, "the birthday of civil freedom in our country." To a certain extent it is. The charter under which that assembly

convened, secured rights which were sufficient to form the basis of political liberty; but one great element was wanting to make their liberty complete; and that was *religious freedom*.

That grand element in our government, which has made our land the asylum for the oppressed of all nations, had not yet been incorporated into the laws, regulations or charters of any of the colonies; and it remained for a Catholic to *first* introduce and establish perfect civil and *religious* freedom upon the American continent.

Sir George Calvert—Lord Baltimore—a Catholic gentleman, who was distinguished as a statesman in England, and had held the office of Secretary of State under James I, sailed to Virginia in 1631, in search of an asylum for himself and his persecuted brethren; but meeting an unwelcome reception on account of his religion, he fixed his attention upon a territory beyond the Potomac. Finding it unoccupied and well adapted to his purpose, he immediately returned to England and secured of Charles I, a grant of the land. In honor of Henrietta Maria—the consort of Charles—the country was called Maryland.

Before the patent was completed Sir George died, and the grant was transferred to his eldest son, Cecilius Calvert, who inherited the titles of his father and became Lord Baltimore. Preparations were immediately made for the settlement of a colony. Remaining in England himself, Cecilius Calvert appointed his brother Leonard as governor of the intended settlement; on the twenty-second of November, 1633, emigrants to the number of about two hundred set sail from the Isle of Wight, in two small vessels, the "Ark" and the "Dove," and after a tedious voyage, arrived, in March of the following year, on the shores of the Chesapeake.

Following the example of Columbus, they immediately erected a cross and returned thanks to God, who had conducted their voyage to so happy an issue, and then took possession of their colony in the name of their sovereign. Their next act (one which performed by Wm. Penn nearly *fifty years later* has been extolled

by historians, and has made his name distinguished), was to purchase the lands from the natives before building.

Of the founders of this colony, Kearney, in his "compendium of Ancient and Modern history," says:

The leading features of the policy adopted by the founders of this colony, claim our warmest admiration. Their intercourse with Indian tribes was marked by the strictest equity and humanity; at the same time the unrestrained exercise of opinion, in matters of religion, granted to the professors of every creed, reflects the highest honor upon the memory of Lord Baltimore and his benevolent associates. Whilst the Episcopalians of Virginia would suffer no other form of worship among them, except that of the Church of England, and whilst the Puritans of New England punished with fines, tortures and exile all those who differed from their creed, the Roman Catholics of Maryland, transcending the proscriptive principles of the age, extended their arms and invited among them the victims of intolerance from every clime.

Nor is Mr. Kearney alone in bearing testimony to this fact. The distinguished historian, Mr. Bancroft, in the earlier editions of his history of America, says:

Its history is the history of benevolence, gratitude and toleration. The Roman Catholics who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake, and there, too, *Protestants were sheltered from Protestant intolerance.*

"Calvert," says Mr. Bancroft, "deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent law-givers of all ages. He was the first in the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of a river which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary, adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state."

Frost, in his history of the United States, says:

Although Sir George Calvert was a Roman Catholic, he allowed the most perfect religious liberty to the colonists, under his charter; and Maryland was the *first state in the world* in which perfect religious freedom was enjoyed. All English subjects, without distinction, were allowed equal rights in respect to property, and religious and civil franchises. A royal exemption from English taxation was another singular privilege obtained by Lord Baltimore for the people of his colony. All the extraordinary features of his charter owe their origin to the political foresight and sagacity of this remarkable man.

Lord Baltimore was certainly entitled to all the

praise bestowed upon him by these and other historians. No one can fail to recognize the grandeur of his conduct, in contradistinction to that of the founders of the other colonies; and especially New England, whose proscriptive doctrines compel even Baird, with his strong predilections in their favor, to say:

It cannot be denied that the fathers of New England were intolerant to those who differed from them in religion; that they persecuted Quakers and Baptists, and abhorred Roman Catholics.

Roger Williams was banished in 1634 from the colony of Massachusetts, for having promulgated certain doctrines which were declared to be heretical and seditious, and, which according to Bancroft, were "that the civil magistrate should restrain crime but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of conscience."

It has been claimed by some, who would fain deprive Catholicity of the honor which attaches to it and its professors, by the establishment of religious freedom in Maryland, that it was first established by Roger Williams in Rhode Island. This however is an error. As I have already stated, Williams was banished from Massachusetts in 1634—one year after Maryland was settled, by those who arrived with Calvert in the "Ark" and the "Dove." In 1644 (ten years later than the Maryland settlement) Williams visited England and obtained a charter, declaring "that none were to be molested for any difference of opinion, in matters of religion;" yet the very first assembly, convened under its authority, excluded Catholics from voting at elections, and from every office in the government.

Maryland was truly the "Beacon Rock" of civil and religious liberty, and stands forth in bold relief, as being—in the language of Baird in his "Religions of America"—

"The first government in modern times, in which entire toleration was granted to all denominations of Christians; this too, at a time when the New England Puritans could hardly bear with one another, much less with "papists," when the zealots of Virginia held both "papists" and "dissenters" in nearly equal abhorrence; when in fact tolerance was not considered, in any part of the Protestant world due to Roman Catholics."

Such is the language of a Protestant writer, and Maryland was worthy of all that has been said of it.

What more precious legacy could be bequeathed to nations yet unborn, than the following oath of the governor of this colony:—

“I will not by myself or another, directly or indirectly, trouble, molest or discountenance any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect to religion. I will make no difference of persons in conferring offices, favors or rewards, for or in respect to religion, but merely as they should be found faithful and well-deserving, and endowed with moral virtues and abilities; my aim shall be public unity, and if any person or officer shall molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, on account of his religion, I will protect the person molested and punish the offender.”

How much happier and better governed would be the world, did all the rulers and governors therein subscribe to such an oath, and were they bound by its obligations?

Nor is the action of Lord Baltimore the only case, in our early history, which shows that the spirit of religious toleration was characteristic of the Catholics of that period, and, I had almost said peculiar to them. After the Island of Manhattan had been by Stuyvesant—the last governor under the government of Holland—surrendered to the King of England, and “New Amsterdam” had its name changed to that of New York, it passed under the control of Colonel Nichols, the first English governor of New York. After its subsequent surrender to the representatives of Holland by Manning, and restoration to the English, by the treaty of Westminster in 1674, Andros was, by the Duke of York, appointed governor of all territory from the Connecticut to the Delaware. Andros is declared by historians to have been “the oppressor of New England,” and in his rule “to have exhibited much of that harshness, severity and rapacity which afterwards rendered him so odious in the Eastern Colonies.”

In 1682 Andros was succeeded by Col. Thomas Dongan, who had been appointed governor of that colony. Governor Dongan was a Catholic, and the historian tells us: “his administration is memorable as the era of the commencement of representative government in the colony.” He is represented by Frost in his history as

“a man of high integrity, unblemished character, and great moderation, who, *although a Catholic* [!] may be ranked among the best of our governors.”

The first legislative assembly of New York, was convened by Governor Dongan; and its first act was the “*Charter of Liberty*,” passed October 30, 1683, which declares:—

“That no person or persons who profess faith in God, through Jesus Christ, shall at any time be disquieted or called in question, but all such may freely have and fully enjoy his or their judgments or consciences in matters of religion—they not using this liberty to the civil injury or outward disturbance of others.”

The administration of Governor Dongan was marked by his excellent management of the Indian affairs of his colony. It was he who first perceived and suggested to Lord Effingham, Governor of Virginia, the necessity of a treaty with the celebrated Five Nations, and who did, in conjunction with Lord Effingham, enter into that treaty, embracing all the English settlements, and all the tribes in alliance with them—a treaty which was long and inviolably adhered to.

This state of affairs was continued, by the excellent conduct and superior administrative ability of Governor Dongan, until, by the death of Charles II, in 1685, the Duke of York ascended to the throne of England as James II. After his accession to the throne, the new king inaugurated several measures highly injurious to the interests of the colony, and which culminated, in 1688, in the reappointment of the tyrant Andros. From this on through a long series of years, the colony of New York was involved in one continued succession of foreign wars, hostile invasions and internal dissensions. Andros departed from the line of conduct marked out by his distinguished Catholic predecessor, and such was the result.

The first act of the first legislature convened by Andros, was to repeal those excellent laws, which I have referred to, as passed by the first assembly convened by Governor Dongan, and to pass the “*Bill of Rights*,” which excluded Catholics from all participation in its privileges. From this on, through many years, the spirit of bitterness towards the Catholic

Church increased. It was death for a priest to come voluntarily into the colony, and a penalty of \$1,000 was imposed upon the Catholic who harbored a priest.

In 1778 the British, who still held New York, took a large French ship in the Chesapeake, which was sent to New York for condemnation. Her chaplain—De la Motte—desiring to celebrate mass, and having been informed that a prohibitory law existed, asked permission to do so; and in his ignorance of the English language, mistook a refusal for permission, and was the first priest that publicly celebrated the divine service, after the passage of the odious laws under Andros, at which his own countrymen and those of his faith attended. For this he was arrested, cast into prison, and kept closely confined until exchanged.

But the power of Great Britain was crushed, and the American Congress, rising above the prejudices of the age, and fully appreciating the value of the services and aid rendered by Catholics during the revolutionary war (and which I will refer to hereafter) incorporated in the laws of the new nation, then springing into life, the tolerant and liberal principles of Lord Baltimore and Governor Dongan, and religious freedom became the grandest feature in the *magna charta* of our liberties.

With this reference to the first establishment of religious freedom on the American continent, I will now pass to a brief consideration of another branch of my lecture.

THE EARLY MISSIONARIES AND EXPLORERS.

To attempt any more than a brief reference to a subject that has filled volumes, from the pens of Bancroft, Irving, Parkman, Shea, DeCharlevoix and a host of other writers, would be the height of folly. In fact, I hesitate to refer to these heroic men of God, whose deeds of self-sacrificing devotion, patient suffering and martyrdom, has called forth the most eloquent encomiums and eulogies from the distinguished authors whose names I have just mentioned. But the record of their labors, suffering and death, forms one of the most

important parts of the Catholic history of America, and without a mention of them it would be but a fragment.

The Franciscans and Dominicans, and other devoted servants of Christ, who followed in the footsteps of the Spanish adventurers, established missions, some of which still exist. They labored with a zeal unsurpassed, and a large proportion of them gave up their lives for their faith; "but," as a late writer remarks, "unfortunately the crimes of their countrymen have been permitted, by the prejudice of modern writers, to tarnish the renown of these heroic preachers; and the cruelties of a Cortez are better remembered than the virtues of the Spanish Dominicans. The Jesuits in the northern parts of the continent have received more justice in history. About their characters and achievements, there is but one voice."

The Jesuits have always been the pioneers of civilization and Christianity. It was a Jesuit missionary who first explored nearly every northern state in the union. When the most intrepid layman or Protestant shrank from penetrating the unknown wilds of our continent, the Jesuit missionary, forgetting all but his holy vows, and quailing before no danger, in his zealous desire to Christianize the untutored savage, hesitated not to pass beyond the confines of civilization, and to explore the wilderness. A part of that advance guard of civilization and Christianity, which established missions in Japan, India, in the isles of Sunda, Tartary, Siam, Syria, Persia and innumerable other regions of Asia—missions on the burning sands of Africa, in Abyssinia, Congo, Mozambique,—missions in Brazil, Mavagon, New Grenada, Mexico, Guatemalas and California, converting millions of the natives or barbarians—when settlements were made on the borders of North America, penetrated into the wilderness of Canada and the West and Northwest; and a half a century before Le Sueur had ascended the Mississippi and explored the St. Peter (now Minnesota) river, they had established missions among the Hurons, Illinois,

Algonquins, Chippewas, Dakotas and other tribes in Canada and the Northwest.

The Franciscans had been before them in Canada, but the capture of Quebec by the English almost wholly obliterated the mission, and but little trace was left of it; and when the colony was restored to the French, two Jesuit priests—Le Jeune and De Neve—arrived there from Havre. They were followed soon after by four more—Brebeuf, Masse, Daniel and Davost; and later by Garnier, Chabuel, Chamont and the illustrious martyr, Isaac Jogues, and others. The story of the hardships which these Christian heroes endured, in the inhospitable climate of Canada, in their efforts to convert the Indian tribes, would be too lengthy for this lecture.

As an evidence of their indomitable energy and perseverance, I would say that as early as in the year 1639, Fathers Jogues and Raymbault passed around the northern shores of Lake Huron, and preached the faith among the Chippewas as far inland as Sault Saint Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior.

After enduring indescribable sufferings and tortures, Brebeuf, Goupil, Jogues, Lallemant, Garnier and Chabuel suffered martyrdom at the hands of the savages, for whose souls they had offered up their lives. Brebeuf and Lallemant were burned to death, but not until they had been put to all the torture which the refined cruelty of the savages could invent.

Father Daniel, another victim to the savage hate of the Iroquois, with his vestments on, fell pierced with scores of arrows and a musket ball, at the door of his chapel. But the associates of these martyrs were not discouraged; they continued on in their labor of love, and imitating the example of Him whom they had vowed to follow, they still labored to convert the savages. Their establishment at Quebec continued to send its apostles to the great lakes on the one hand, and through the forests of Maine to the sea coast on the other.

A beautiful and flourishing mission had been established in Maine, by the saintly Father Sebastian Rasle.

That indefatigable missionary suffered martyrdom,

and the tribes which he had converted were dispersed and many of them massacred; and, as a result, there, Bancroft says: "influences of commerce took the place of the influence of religion, and English trading houses supplanted French missions."

More intimately connected with the history of this, the Northwest, are the names of Fathers Menard, Hennepin and Marquette.

Father Menard was lost in the year 1658, and his fate is only a matter of conjecture—his cassock and breviary having been found, years afterwards, among the Indians, preserved as medicine charms. Hennepin, a Franciscan perhaps much misrepresented, was the first to penetrate to the Falls of St. Anthony, which he did in 1680. Like his co-laborers in the cause of Christianity, he endured his full share of suffering. His captivity among the Dakotas, and his success in securing the compassion and protection of the Nodawasey chief, would form the theme of an interesting narrative. He it was who first stood by the Falls of St. Anthony and gave them the name of the Saint they bear—St. Anthony of Padua.

The saintly Father Marquette, now known in history as the explorer of the Wisconsin, and the Mississippi and Illinois rivers, visited the Northwest nearly two centuries ago. History has at last done him justice, and not only Catholics but Protestants unite in doing honor to this great and good missionary, whose name is to be found among the list of towns that are situated upon the shores of the lake, beside whose waters he breathed his last.

I cannot better describe the death of Father Marquette, than by quoting the following lines, from the pen of an unknown author, which appeared some years ago in the "Western Messenger." They are the just tribute of, presumably a Protestant, to the great missionary and explorer:—

His solitary grave was made
 Beside thy waters, Michigan!
 In thy forest shade the bones were laid
 Of a world-wandering man.
 Discoverer of a world! he sleeps,
 By all the world unknown;
 No mauseoleum marks the spot,
 Nor monumental stone.

He died alone! No pious hand
 Smoothed down the pillow for his head;
 No watching followers reared the tent,
 Or strewed the green leaves for his bed;
 His followers left the holy man
 Beside a rustic altar kneeling—
 The slanting sunbeams setting rays
 Through the thick forest branches stealing.

An hour had passed—and they returned,
 They found him lying where he knelt,
 But oh! how changed! the calm of death
 Upon his marble features dwelt.
 Even while he prayed, his living soul
 Had to its native heavens fled;
 Whilst the last twilights holiest beams
 Fell like a glory on his head!

Thus died a Jesuit! And his death is but one of many thousands of that band of martyr heroes, whose deeds shed a halo of glory over Catholic history, and challenge the world to produce a truthful record of their equal.

Well may Catholics feel proud of the early missionaries, when even the Protestant historian Bancroft is led to say:—"Thus the religious of the French bear the cross to the banks of the St. Mary and the confines of Lake Superior, and look wistfully towards the homes of the Sioux, in the valley of the Mississippi—five years before the New England Elliott had addressed the tribe of Indians that dwelt within *six miles of Boston harbor*."

And among the missionaries of later days, no names are better entitled to a place in Catholic history, as worthy successors of Jogues, Brebeuf, Menard, Hennepin and Marquette, than those of our late Bishop Cretin, our revered Archbishop Grace, and Fathers Galtier, De Smet and our own Monseigneur Ravoux.

It is customary for the average non-Catholic writer upon South America, to attribute, without investiga-

tion, to the early missionaries who settled there, the present unsatisfactory condition in which he may happen to find the native inhabitants of that part of this continent. As a complete answer to all such effusions, I will read this extract, from a letter written a few years ago by M. Sacc, the distinguished Calvinist savant, to his friend Abbe Migno, on his return, after a lengthy sojourn in South America. The letter was published in *Les Mondes* and attracted considerable attention at the time. He said:

During my long peregrinations from one end of America to the other, the immense services rendered there by the Jesuits were made in some manner palpably visible to me. To them alone the civilization of that immense continent is due, and what remains of their works attests both the might of their genius, and the perseverance of their efforts to civilize those wonderful countries which their barbarous Spanish conquerors sought only to profit by. At present, of all their admirable works, nothing is left but ruins and fond remembrances which the poor Indians cherish and bless. They still weep at the thought of their lost "Robes Noires," whilst the same remembrances are branded with ostracism by the present governments who reject any bridle that may be used to rein in the course of brutal passions. There we have the true cause of the social disease which blights the very existence of all the Hispano-American Republics, and which ceases only for a while, when a new dictator arises. There also we have the true cause of the prosperity of Canada and Brazil, where a strong executive power sets due limits to the selfish struggles of unbridled private ambitions.

It is my conviction that nothing short of a recall of the Jesuits can raise the republics of South America. They are fallen so low merely because they have become a prey to constant revolutions brought on by ambitious men who place the government of their country in jeopardy by the vilest devices. The order of the Jesuits alone, with its military organization, represents the interests of all, and can bring back order to those unhappy countries. They alone can save the Indian tribes, which are threatened with complete extinction, although laborers are the only thing required to work out the incredible wealth of that soil, which contains all imaginable treasures, either at its surface or in its bosom. When the civilization of those tribes is brought about, colonization will be easy enough because they know the country thoroughly, without them it will always be extremely difficult, chiefly on account of the obstacles they put in the way. Unfortunately it is to be feared that the recall of that order, so deservedly famous, will meet with many difficulties, because it would stand in the way of all those personal ambitions to whose shameless and relentless rivalries those unfortunate states have become a prey.

It will be noticed that he has fallen into the same error that nearly all non-Catholic writers do, of regarding every Catholic missionary as a Jesuit. But it is

not important. For his honesty and candor the children of St. Dominic and St. Francis will not complain.

Among the Catholic explorers who first followed in the footsteps of the missionaries was La Salle, who in the year 1682, descended the Mississippi from Illinois to the sea. Of him Bancroft says:—

“His sagacious eye discerned the magnificent resources of the country. As he floated down its flood, [the Mississippi]; as he framed a cabin on the first Chickasaw bluff; as he raised the cross by the Arkansas; as he planted the arms of France near the Gulf of Mexico;—he anticipated the future affluence of emigrants, and heard in the distance, the footsteps of the advancing multitude that were coming to take possession of the valley. Meantime he claimed the territory for France, and gave it the name of Louisiana.”

It was Le Sueur, who in 1700 explored the St. Peter or Minnesota river, to the mouth of the Blue Earth, and built his fort ‘La Hullier’ at the mouth of the “Mahn-kahto.” Baron La Houtan who wrote his “narrative and description of *La Longue Riviere*” also followed Le Sueur and La Salle.

It was not until 1776 that others ventured to follow our brave Catholic missionaries and explorers. Captain Jonathan Carver visited what is now Minnesota, and was followed years afterwards by Cass, Schoolcraft, Nicollet and others.

Passing from a consideration of this portion of my lecture, I now come to that which is embraced in the period beginning with the commencement of the

STRUGGLE FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

and extending down to the war of the Rebellion.

When the American colonies determined to throw off the yoke of England, and rid themselves of the oppressions of the mother country, it was deemed necessary that a declaration, informing the world of the reasons why they took such a step, should be made, and Thomas Jefferson was appointed to prepare the same. In conformity with his instructions, he presented to Congress that immortal document for their consideration. The reader of history need not be reminded of the importance of the act, which each of the members of this Congress performed, in voting to declare themselves free,

and in signing the Declaration of Independence. Not only did that act involve the colonies in a war, but it—at one stroke—placed them in an attitude of unmistakable hostility to England, and put in jeopardy all that they pledged to each other—their lives and their fortunes. They staked everything upon the result of that act, and, with a heroism unsurpassed, virtually invited the enmity and vengeance of their King. Every one of them was necessarily a man of iron nerve, in thus braving the anger of their sovereign, and entering upon a war with one of the most powerful kingdoms, so illy prepared and deficient as the colonies were in everything except undying patriotism and zeal, and unconquerable bravery.

And among the list of patriot heroes, whose names are attached to that "immortal document," none was more distinguished than that celebrated Catholic, *Charles Carroll of Carrollton*, who, in signing the Declaration of Independence, did not hesitate to stake upon the issue, more property than all of the other signers put together.

The reference to this patriot, and his family, by Lord Brougham, in his "*Historical sketches of statesmen who flourished in the time of George III.*," will explain his history and the reason of the addition of his place of residence to his name. Lord Brougham says:—

His family was settled in Maryland ever since the reign of James II, and had during that period been possessed of the same ample property—the largest in the union. It stood therefore at the head of the aristocracy of the country; was naturally in alliance with the government; could gain nothing, while it risked everything by a change of dynasty; and, therefore, according to all the rules, and the prejudices and the frailties which are commonly found guiding men in a crisis of affairs, Charles Carroll might have been expected to take a part against revolt, certainly never to join in promoting it. Such, however, was not this patriotic person. He was among the foremost to sign the celebrated declaration of independence. All who did so were believed to have devoted themselves and their families to the Furies. As he set his hand to the instrument, the whisper ran round the hall of Congress, "there goes some millions of property!" And there being many of the same name, when they heard it, said: "Nobody will know what Carroll it is," as no one wrote more than his name, and one at his elbow remarked, addressing him: "You'll get clear—there are several of the name—they will not know which to take." "Not so!" he replied; and instantly added his residence, "of Carrollton."

Nor was this all that can be said of this remarkable man. In 1827 the editor of the then Philadelphia National Gazette published a biography of Mr. Carroll, which appeared in the American Quarterly Review; and in it he stated, that shortly before the revolutionary British war, Mr. Carroll wrote to a member of the parliament as follows:

Your thousands of soldiers may come, but they will be masters of the spot only on which they encamp. They will find naught but enemies before and around them. If we are beaten on the plains, we will retreat to the mountains, and defy them. Our resources will increase with our difficulties. Necessity will force us to exertion; until tired of combating in vain against a spirit which victory cannot subdue, your enemies will evacuate our soil, and your country retire, an immense loser from the contest. No, sir! We have made up our minds to bide the issue of the approaching struggle; and though much blood may be spilled, we have no doubt of our ultimate success.

He was appointed with Dr. Franklin and Mr. Chase, Commissioners to Canada, in behalf of the struggling Colonies.

He lived to be the *last surviving signer* of the Declaration of Independence. As has been well said of him:—"Like a peaceful stream his days glided along, and continued to be lengthened out, till the generation of illustrious men with whom he acted on that memorable Fourth of July, 1776, had all descended to the tomb." He died in 1832—

"Full of years and honors,
Through the gate of painless slumber he retired."

In his last days he uttered these remarkable words: "I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, property, and most of the good things which the world can bestow—public approbation, applause; but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself, is that *I have practiced the duties of my religion.*"

Nor is Charles Carroll the only one of the name entitled to honorable mention, as a distinguished patriot of the revolution. Rev. John Carroll took as active a part in behalf of the Colonies, as was consistent with his position as a clergyman. He was employed by Dr.

Franklin on a confidential mission to Canada, in reference to the then lately declared independence of the Colonies—and afterwards became the first Archbishop of Baltimore—the first Episcopal See in the country.

In attempting to refer to the long list of Catholic patriots who distinguished themselves in the Revolutionary war, I am at a loss where to begin, as time will not permit me to make honorable mention of them all.

At the head of the list is the name of that distinguished hero—General Lafayette—who, leaving the comforts of home, of happiness and wealth, crossed the ocean in a vessel fitted out at his own expense, and, laying aside his rank, “plunged into the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle.” The world affords no nobler illustration of disinterested heroism, and gallant and generous conduct than that exhibited by Lafayette, Rochambeau, Fleury, Dupartail, Lowzun, Count De Gras, Pulaski, De Kalb, Kosiusko and other Catholic lovers of liberty, in their efforts in aid of the establishment of American independence.

The first American navy must not be forgotten, with its first and Catholic Commodore, John Barry; appointed by Washington to form the infant navy of this country, and who has been appropriately styled “Saucy Jack Barry, father of the American navy.” Many of his sailors and mariners, who so gallantly assisted the land forces, in the contest for freedom, were, like himself, Irish Catholics.

General Stephen Moylan, first quarter-master of the revolutionary army, was also a Catholic. Washington, recognizing his ability, appointed him to that position, the duties of which, even under all the trying circumstances incident to an impoverished country and depleted treasury, he performed to the satisfaction of all.

It is also worthy of note, that a large number of the men who composed the command of General Anthony Wayne, and whose fighting qualities gained for their commander the cognomen of “Mad Anthony Wayne—the ever-fighting general,” were Irish and German Catholics.

In the year 1780, the cause of American indepen-

dence was menaced by dangers more formidable than the English forces which opposed them. The continental currency had depreciated in value, and become almost worthless, and the commissary of the army was without the means to supply the troops with subsistence. Gaunt famine stared Washington's little army in the face, and all the evils attendant upon such a condition of affairs—discontent, desertion and mutiny—threatened to defeat and destroy the great object and end sought to be accomplished; and when, in the dark hours and destitution of Valley Forge, Washington united with Congress in an appeal to the colonists for pecuniary assistance, and when, in the language of another, "the urgent expostulations of the commander-in-chief and the strenuous recommendations of Congress, had utterly failed to arouse the American public to a just sense of the crisis," none responded more promptly than did the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—an Irish Catholic society—twenty-seven members of which contributed 103,500 pounds sterling—over half a million of dollars. This patriotic act of liberality was fully appreciated by Washington, who wrote the Society a very complimentary letter, and declared it to be "distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked." The same compliment could be paid to Thomas Fitzsimons, who subscribed a loan of twenty-five thousand dollars to aid in carrying on the glorious war.

Such acts of disinterested patriotism may not appear to be so very great, or important, to those who are purse proud among us; but if it was patriotic for our millionaires and wealthy fellow-citizens to loan their money to the government during the late war with the South, with all the extraordinary inducements offered—with an opportunity to exchange their gold coin for double the amount in legal tenders, and bonds of the government, secured by the faith and credit of the country, at a time when one of our states contained nearly as large a population as the colonies contained, and more available wealth than they could then command—how much more patriotic was it for those men

to come forward and contribute their money in the manner and under the circumstances in which they did! All honor to the men, who in the darkest hours of our nation's history, by their deeds of valor and patriotic virtue and liberality, set an example worthy the imitation of their fellow citizens to the end of time!

No one appreciated the part which Catholics took and performed, in the struggle for American independence, more than did the immortal Washington himself. After the war was over, and he was elected first President of the new Republic, he received a congratulatory address from the Catholics of the United States, signed by Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, on the part of the Catholic clergy, and by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Daniel Carroll, Thomas Fitzsimmons and Dominic Lynch, on the part of the Catholic laity. In that address they said:—

“This prospect of national prosperity is peculiarly pleasing to us on another account, because, whilst our country preserves her freedom and independence, we shall have a well founded title to claim from her justice and equal rights of citizenship, as the price of our blood spilt under your eyes, and of our common exertions for her defense, under your auspicious conduct; rights rendered more dear to us by the remembrance of former hardships.”

To this portion of the address, Washington replying said:—

“As mankind become more liberal, they will be the more apt to allow, that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community, are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope ever to see America the foremost nation in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution, and the establishment of their government; or the important assistance they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed.”

No denomination of Christians exhibited greater zeal, in the struggle for independence, or more anxiety for its success, or manifested more joy at its glorious termination than did the Catholics. And when the war was over, and a grateful and sorrowing country mourned his death, and sought by every means to do honor to him who was “first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,” it remained for Bishop Carroll to deliver in the Cathedral at Baltimore,

what was conceded to be the most solid, eloquent and noble oration upon Washington.

After the battle of New Orleans, it was in the Catholic Cathedral that General Jackson was received in triumph, and the laurel garland of victory—woven by Catholic hands—placed upon his brow by a Catholic priest, and the noble hero could have been seen weeping with joyful emotion, as he listened and responded to the eloquent address of the Rev. Mr. Dubourg. In a beautiful address delivered some years ago in Washington, by Mr. Livingston, the distinguished orator feelingly alluded to the pavement of that church being worn smooth, by the holy knees of the Ursuline nuns, praying fervently that victory might perch on the American banner, and drawing from the feast of the day—that of St. Victoria—an omen of success.

It is a fact not generally known that one-half of the soldiers of the Revolutionary Army of the United States was of Irish birth. During the seven years of that war, which secured our independence as a nation, the forces raised by the United States consisted of 288,000 men, of which 232,000 were Continental soldiers and 56,000 militia. Of this army there were two Irishmen to every native. At the close of the war, a Mr. Gallo-way, who had been Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, and asked what the Continental Army was composed of. Here is his answer:—"The names and places of their nativity being taken down, I can answer the question with precision. There are scarcely one-fourth natives of America; about one-half were Irish, and the other fourth principally Scotch and English." Now, it needs no guess to determine what the religious belief of those Irish revolutionary soldiers was, and when we take into consideration the large number of Catholic soldiers, of other nationalities, who came with and fought under Lafayette, Rochambeau, Pulaski, Kosiusko, De Kalb and others already named, we are fully justified in believing that one-half of the soldiers in the Revolutionary Army of the United States were Catholics. I commend this historical fact

to the consideration of those who think we are indebted to native Americans and Protestants, alone, for the achievement of our national independence.

In all the subsequent wars in which the United States has been engaged, Catholic valor and patriotism has maintained a position corresponding with its earlier history, and contributed its full share to the successes which have attended them. Side by side with the names of Charles Carroll, Barry, Lafayette, Moylan, Fitzsimmons and Archbishop Carroll, will be placed the names of Sheridan, Rosecrans, Shields, Meagher, Newton, Mulligan, Ewing, Sands, Ammen; and that army of distinguished prelates at the head of whom we place Cardinals McCloskey and Gibbons, Archbishop Hughes and our own beloved and honored Archbishop Ireland.

THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

At the head of the list of those Catholic officers who acquired distinction in the war of the Rebellion, I place General Sheridan.

I had the honor to be a member of that Congress which attended in a body, the funeral service of General Sheridan, at St. Mathew's Church, in the city of Washington. That scene will always come vividly before me, as memory recalls to mind that great soldier and defender of the Union. There the people of our whole country, in the person of their official representatives, gathered around his bier, to do honor to the departed patriot-hero, and to attest a nation's sorrow and gratitude for the great services which he had rendered in the suppression of the rebellion. In front sat the President, surrounded by members of his Cabinet, flanked by the officers of the Army and Navy on the one side, and the judges of the Supreme Court on the other; next came the Senate and House of Representatives, and members of the Diplomatic corps; then the officers of the different other departments of the government; representatives of the press, and other influential persons. It was a memorable and truly impressive gathering and scene. The offering up of that solemn requiem high mass; the truly eloquent and masterly sermon of Car-

dinal Gibbons and the appropriately grand music of the magnificent choir of that church, will be remembered by all the participants in that solemn ceremony, as long as life lasts.

As I listened to the beautiful but mournful music of the choir, I fell into a reverie, and mused upon the life and career of him whose remains lay before us.—I saw him a boy at Somerset, Ohio, the son of poor but respectable Catholic parents, having the ambition and nerve, to write to the member of Congress from that district to secure his appointment at West Point, to succeed, and then to graduate with honor, and distinguish himself as an Indian fighter. I saw him soon after the outbreak of our civil war, taking command of the Second Michigan Volunteer Cavalry, and in less than two months winning the stars of a brigadier general at the battle of Boonville; then at Perryville at the head of the Eleventh Division gaining new fame by his resistance of the dare-devil forces of Hardee and Leydell; then at Stone River, with Rosecrans, again distinguishing himself; then at Mission Ridge, as at the front of his men he led them up toward the lofty summit, through the cross fire of the Confederates, from the ramparts above; then at Winchester, where he clinched with and defeated Early; then at Appomatox, where his dash put the finishing stroke to the rebellion, then receiving from General Lee the flag of truce that announced the close of the war. Then peace was declared, and I saw him receive, equally with Grant and Sherman, the thanks and plaudits of his country, and his name received with enthusiastic cheers wherever mentioned. Here my musing brought to mind an incident in his career which has become as historical as it was dramatic.

It was the night before the battle of Cedar Mills—a time when the fate of the Union hung trembling in the balance. In the war office, at Washington, sat Secretary Stanton in consultation with General Sheridan, upon some grave subject; for it was long after midnight. In the adjoining room sat Gen. Eckert, superintendent of military telegraph lines, beside the instruments, watching for messages from the armies at the

front. Morning was fast approaching. Presently a click of the instrument caught Gen. Eckert's ear. It was a call from Winchester. To his prompt response came the message:—"There is danger here. Hurry Sheridan to the front." In an instant the message was handed to the two in consultation in the next room. Gen. Sheridan came to the instrument and there was a hurried conversation over the wire with his headquarters. Intercepted dispatches of the enemy showed that Longstreet had arrived in front and learning of Sheridan's absence, had ordered Early to attack Sheridan's army.

The railroad was at once ordered cleared, and an engine to report in readiness. Sheridan left the war office and is soon aboard the panting engine, and away they speed to Harper's Ferry. Every station on the railroad reported his progress to Gen. Eckert, and Secretary Stanton, who waited to hear that Sheridan had reached his destination. Harper's Ferry at last reported his arrival, and a fresh engine is ready to take him to Winchester, and then comes the welcome report:—"Sheridan has just reached Winchester." The run had been made in the shortest time ever made over the line, and the anxious watchers in the war office breathed freer to know that he had reached there without accident. But he was not yet at his destination. There he mounted his favorite black charger, that had carried him safely through many a battle, and away through the town and up the Shenandoah Valley he rode, as only Sheridan could ride, on such an occasion. Then I saw him meet his retreating and demoralized army and reach the field and turn defeat into victory, and the battle of Cedar Creek was won. I saw Gen. Grant then at City Point, order a salute of one hundred guns fired from each of the armies in honor of this victory, and President Lincoln promote him to a Major Generalship, in the regular army and personally notify him of this in a letter of thanks. I saw him standing side by side with Grant when Lee surrendered, and crowned with honors on the disbanding of the armies, and awoke from my reverie to find the nation mourning his death, as to-day we mourn the loss of his grand companion in arms, General Sherman.

As I recall this now, I wonder what the great-hearted and liberal-minded people of this nation would have said, if a Burchard, a Burrell or a Burgess had then raised his voice in opposition to their doing honor to the "Hero of Winchester," because, forsooth, he worshipped God in a Catholic Church, and educated his children in the Catholic Academy of the Visitation.

Next on our list is General Rosecrans—the last survivor of that grand quartet; Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Rosecrans. The name of "Old Rosey" is also a household word with our Union veterans, and is mentioned with love and veneration by every soldier of the Army of the Cumberland.

When the bill placing him on the retired list was before Congress, many eloquent appeals for its passage were made, and I wish to quote briefly from remarks of some of the Union officers who then spoke in its favor.

General B. M. Cutcheon of Michigan, said:

"When the tocsin of war sounded, General Rosecrans did not hesitate or falter, but he left everything behind him and laid all that he had upon the altar of his country, and when we needed victory, when this country in its heart of hearts was aching for want of victory, General Rosecrans in the very beginning, in West Virginia, gave us victory. Again in the far Southwest, at Iuka, he gave us victory. He was promoted step by step from colonel to brigadier-general, and from that to major-general, and was placed at the head of the army of the Cumberland, and again, in the closing days of December, 1862, at Stone River he lighted the horizon of this whole country from edge to edge with the fires of victory. Then, following that, he gave us one of the most magnificent specimens of perfect strategy that the entire war afforded, in the Tullahoma campaign, when, almost without the sacrifice of a life, he flanked Bragg out of his fortified position at Tullahoma and carried his army across the mountains into the valley of Chickamauga."

Hon. O. L. Jackson of Pennsylvania, who served four years in the army of the Tennessee, said:

It was Rosecrans who commanded and directed the brave men at Stone River on those fearful winter days when again the tide of battle was turned southward. It was under him Phil Sheridan first rode at the head of a division, and on this bloody field gave evidence of the high rank he was afterwards to obtain. It was Rosecrans's skill and genius that maneuvered the enemy out of Chattanooga and gave the Army of the Cumberland a position at Chickamauga that enabled him to hold at bay Bragg's army, reinforced by one of the best corps from the rebel army on the Potomac.

Do not forget that it was under Rosecrans that Thomas stood, the Rock of Chickamauga.

Mr. Speaker, there was a day in the nation's peril when good Abraham Lincoln thought he ought to send the thanks of the nation to General Rosecrans and the officers and men of his command for their great services in the field.

Gen. David B. Henderson, of Iowa, who left a leg on the battlefield, electrified the House by his appeal in behalf of his old commander. In the course of his remarks he said:

As a member of the Army of the Tennessee, I followed both Grant and Rosecrans. I fought under Rosecrans at Corinth.

I was with him in that battle, and he was the only general that I ever saw closer to the enemy than we were who fought in the front, for in that great battle he dashed in front of our lines when the flower of Price's army was pouring death and destruction into our ranks. The bullets had carried off his hat, his hair was floating in the wind, and, protected by the God of battle, he passed along the lines and shouted, "Soldiers, stand by your flag and your country!" We obeyed his orders. We crushed Price's army, and gave the country the great triumph of the battle of Corinth. General Rosecrans was the central, the leading, and the victorious spirit.

Gen. J. B. Weaver of Iowa, also spoke eloquently in behalf of Rosecrans, under whom he served, and in doing so said:

I, too, had the honor to participate in the battle at Corinth in 1862, and I know, and the country knows, that but for the magnificent strategy of Rosecrans, his soldierly bearing, his wonderful grasp of and attention to the details of that battle, the Army of the Southwest would have been overthrown, and the consequences could not have been foretold. He decoyed the army of Price on to the spot where he designed to fight the battle, and the result was that he was victorious and captured parts of sixty-nine different commands serving under Price and Van Dorn and the other Confederate commanders. In that important battle he saved the Cause of the Union in the Southwest. Rosecrans was a splendid soldier, a valuable officer, and he is now a most honorable citizen. Few are more distinguished. He is one of the heroes of this age, and his name will live forever.

These extracts from four of the fourteen speeches that were delivered in support of that bill, must suffice for this occasion. And my friends these speeches were not delivered at the close of the great conflict, when the war feeling ran high. They were made in the last Congress; and every one of the speakers from whom I have quoted, were non-Catholics, and knew General Rosecrans to be an out-spoken and practical Catholic;

for it was a common occurrence for him, during the war, to have the sacrifice of the Mass offered up at his headquarters in the field.

I speak from personal knowledge, when I say that the visitor to the city of Washington, will find no more regular attendant at the sacrifice of the Mass, in that decidedly Catholic city, than General Rosecrans—Gallant and grand “Old Rosey,” the hero and idol of the Army of the Cumberland. He is a regular attendant at St. Mathew’s Church, and he can be seen in his pew there, at divine service on every day that a practical Catholic should, if possible, and on many other days. Like Sheridan’s, his life in Washington, in its simplicity and modest demeanor, is a model of all that a worthy citizen of this great republic of ours should be. It is difficult for the stranger to believe that the kind and mild-mannered gentleman, who is now the Register of the United States Treasury, is none other than “Old Rosey,” who so often led his men, sword in hand, where the battle raged hottest and fiercest.

Next to General Rosecrans, we place General Shields; the hero of two wars, and United States Senator from three states, Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri who carried through life the scars of severe wounds, received in both the Mexican war and that of the Rebellion.

Next we name General Meagher, the dashing commander of the famous Irish Brigade, and brave General Mulligan, “the hero of Lexington,” whose dying words on the field of battle—“Lay me down and save the flag”—have made him famed in song and story.

Among the distinguished officers of the Union Army were other Catholics, whose names will be familiar to many of you, when mentioned. I can only recall and name these:—

General Ewing, brother-in-law of General Sherman.

General Newton, Chief of Engineers, and later known to fame as having planned and executed the world renowned engineering feat, of the destruction of the “Hell Gate” obstructions, in New York harbor.

General Henry Hunt, Chief of Artillery of the Army

of the Potomac, and late governor of the Soldier's Home at Washington.

General Stone of the Army of the Potomac, and afterwards Chief of Staff and Lieutenant General of the armies of the Khedive of Egypt.

General McMahon of the Army of the Potomac, and United States Marshal of the District of New York, under President Cleveland.

General Rucker, late Quartermaster General of the Army.

General Vincent, Assistant Adjutant General of the Army, and since Chief of Staff to General Schofield.

Colonel Jerome Bonaparte; and, by no means the least, the brave General Garishe who, as Chief of Staff to General Rosecrans, fell at the battle of Stone River.

But, I must stop here, as the list could be extended almost indefinitely.

It can hardly be necessary to say, in this connection, that the Catholic Church had its full quota of representatives among the brave men who composed the rank and file of the army, and who performed the deeds of valor which made it possible for their officers to acquire the distinction and fame which is now accorded to them.

Among the Catholic *naval* officers who distinguished themselves and acquired national fame as leaders in the war of the Rebellion, I can now name Admiral Sands and Admiral Ammen. There were and are many of lesser rank in that branch of the service.

And yet there is nothing surprising in all this. It is

BUT A REPETITION OF HISTORY,

and a reflex of the love of liberty exhibited by Catholics in other portions of the world; to prove which, I have but to quote from that celebrated traveler, and staunch Protestant, Bayard Taylor, who, in writing upon this point, during the know-nothing excitement, said:

"Truth compels us to add, that the oldest republic now existing is that of San Marino, not only Catholic but wholly surrounded by the especial dominions of the Popes, who might have crushed it like an egg-shell at any time, these last thousand years—but they didn't. The only republic we ever travelled in besides our own

is Switzerland, half of its Cantons, or states, entirely Catholic, yet never, that we have heard of, ~~un~~faithful to the cause of freedom. They were nearly all Roman Catholics, from the Southern Cantons of Switzerland, whom Austria so ruthlessly expelled from Lombardy, after the suppression of the last revolt of Milan, accounting them natural born republicans and revolutionists; and we suppose Austria is not a know-nothing on this point. We never heard of the Catholics of Hungary accused of backwardness in the late glorious struggle of their country for freedom, though its leaders were Protestants, fighting against a leading Catholic power, avowedly in favor of religious as well as civil liberty,—and chivalric unhappy Poland, almost wholly Catholic, has made as gallant struggles for freedom as any other nation, while of the three despotisms that crushed her, but one 'was Catholic.'"

Nor has the Catholic church of America any reason to be less proud of those of her members, who in the more peaceful walks of civil life, have acquired distinction, and reflected credit upon their country. The list of their names—headed by that of Chief Justice Taney—embraces among them many of the most distinguished in the arts, sciences and professions. Of the present Catholic hierarchy of the United States, it is not necessary for me to speak. To the Catholic who is at all familiar with the present condition of the church, their names are as familiar as household words. Distinguished for their learning and ability, as for their piety and zeal, they command the respect and esteem not only of Catholics, but of all high-minded non-Catholics—who, I am pleased to say it, constitute a large portion of our dissenting fellow-citizens. We are certainly justified in entertaining the conviction that among the Catholic prelates and clergy of this country, are to be found some of the most distinguished men of the present age.

With the termination of the late terrible struggle which deluged our land with blood, and left its traces, in the habiliments of mourning which are still to be seen, as the sad relics of the war, from one end of the Union to the other, a new era dawned upon Catholicity. The war has had its influence upon our political and social system, and also, to a certain extent, upon the sentiments of the people with reference to religion. Bringing together, by force of circumstances, all denominations, it brought thousands of Protestants—who

knew nothing of the Catholic Church and her religion, except what they had learned, through sources contaminated by prejudice—in intimate contact with Catholics; and as a natural and logical result, their preconceived prejudices were removed, and they ceased to regard the church with that abhorrence, which they had formerly entertained. And to none are Catholics more indebted for bringing about this gratifying change than to those saintly beings,

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY

whose labors in the cause of humanity and Catholicity (although apparently overlooked by me) have been proportionately equal to that of the missionaries. I cannot find language to refer to the acts of these holy women during the late war, more appropriate than the following extract from an editorial which appeared in 1868 in one of our state papers, the editor of which was a non-Catholic and had served in the Union army. He said:—

“It has always been a matter of some surprise with us that the self-sacrificing labors of these angels in disguise have not been more specially noticed in the newspapers and in the thousand-and-one books written and published about the war. There is scarcely a battle field, a hospital or a prison within the whole broad compass of the war-scourged district that was not the scene of scores of acts of heroism and mercy performed by these women. Not with the pomp and parade of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions were these acts performed, but hundreds and thousands of living witnesses can this day testify that when the cruel bullet or burning fever had stricken them down, somehow a quiet-faced woman dressed in black, would find her way to their side and with the cup of cool water, the soothing ointment, or better than all, the word of encouragement and hope, give them a new lease of life. No question of creed or religious belief was asked or hinted at—their mission was one of gentleness and mercy—to smooth the pillow of the dying, and to comfort and sustain the sick and afflicted, and nobly they performed their work. Yet how seldom do we to-day meet in public print, any acknowledgment of their works of charity and love.

It is safe to leave the reward of these women in the hands of that Saviour they are serving while they imitate His blessed example, and we know that human praise is distasteful to them, while human obloquy and scorn is unnoticed; but we never see the familiar dress, and quiet, meek features of a Sister of Charity without an inward “God bless you,” and an instinctive desire to lift our hat to them as they pass.”

Well might the late Henry J. Raymond, in his paper (the New York Times) in commenting, but a short time before his death, upon the labors of the Sisters, and the great want of proper nurses, that exists in our non-Catholic hospitals, and the many deaths that can be attributed to that cause, say:—

“Does not all this suggest to our great Protestant Churches, the necessity of establishing some order of holy women, whose labors shall be akin to the Sisters of Charity, or rather we should say, akin to the angels? If we cannot have such an order, we earnestly hope, for the sake of suffering humanity, that the Catholic Church will devote itself more than ever, to enlarge the numbers and extend the beneficent labors of the Sisters.”

This candid admission—from one of the leading journals of the nation—of the great good which these self-sacrificing women are doing, for the poor and unfortunate, in contradistinction to the spirit which, but a few years before the war of the Rebellion culminated in mob violence, and reduced convents to ashes, exhibits as much as any other evidence can the progress which the Catholic Church has made, in general public estimation, in the past quarter of a century. And its growth in power and greatness has been fully equal to its growth in popularity. From a few hundred thousand at the close of the Revolutionary war, its membership has increased to about one-fifth of the present population of the United States; or about twelve millions—a membership which is more than double that of any other denomination.

It is not necessary, for the purposes of this lecture, that I should enter into an enumeration of the Catholic hierarchy and clergy, or of our churches, or institutions of learning and charitable institutions. This might seem like a disposition to boast.

CONCLUSION.

With this imperfect epitome of the “Catholic Pages of American History,” I must close. It is necessarily brief and incomplete, because it would be impossible to do more than I have done within the time that I should occupy with one lecture.

Imperfect and incomplete as it is, I trust that I have

furnished sufficient to satisfy the most prejudiced, that the children and members of the Catholic Church have been, at all periods of our country's history, among its truest friends, and are entitled to the proud distinction of being the founders and chief builders of that magnificent temple of liberty which I mentioned in my opening remarks, and which our beloved country so grandly typifies.

As we reflect upon these pages of our country's history, and entertain such a pride in it as would almost justify us in challenging our other fellow citizens to point to a *superior* historical record, we should not forget that—as the successors of the distinguished Catholics whom I have mentioned—we have a duty to perform.

That duty is to prove that we are worthy to be the successors of the illustrious Catholics who have made this history. We can, by imitating their virtues and patriotism, show that a true and practical Catholic must necessarily be a good and worthy citizen of this great republic.

Living thus, and not forgetting that these pages of American history are the common property of us all—of our citizens of other belief as well—let us content ourselves with pointing to this record with pride, and in the spirit of truest brotherly love, invite our non-Catholic brethren to a friendly rivalry for higher purposes, in what we hope and pray to be the glorious future of our country to the end of time.



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